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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, *June* 4, 1803.

Romance of the Four Dervishes.

A PERSIAN TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

"I THEN came home, and, when that beautiful idol of my heart saw the dresses I had bought, she approved them highly, and asked about the purchasing of them. I related all that happened, how much I was taken with the engaging manners of the young man, the master of the shop, and how, by a false promise to return, I had freed myself from his earnest solicitations to spend the evening with him. 'If you wish to please me,' said she, 'you must certainly return to him, and not act contrary to your promise, for it is disgraceful in a man to break his engagements.'—'O, soul of my life,' I exclaimed, 'I have no wish but to serve you; I do not desire to be acquainted with any one else; I care not even whether any other existed.' 'You must assuredly go,' replied she, 'and you need have no fears about leaving me.' We then conversed agreeably till evening, when I could not persuade myself to leave her, till at last she swore, by her dear soul, that my obstinacy gave her much uneasiness.

"Dervishes, in the code of love, to please our beloved fair one is the chief law. With a heavy heart did I set out for the merchant's, and, when I arrived, I found his shop shut, and himself sitting before the door, on a bench of sandal wood, in expectation of my coming. The moment he saw me, he ran up to me, and saluted me kindly; then taking me by the hand, he conducted me to his house. Upon entering the court, I beheld a garden like paradise, surrounded by lofty walls, and laid with a most beautiful carpet; an elegant sofa was placed upon the edge of a canal of clear water, and a table set out with all the preparations for an entertainment.

"The young man then threw off his upper garments for the enjoyment of the fresh air, and, making me do the same, we sat down upon the sofa, and entertained one another in the most agreeable manner. When we had drank several cups of wine, and our brains were become heated by the effects of it, four beautiful slaves, of exquisite shapes and flowing hair, entered the garden with musical instruments in their hands, and sat down on a corner of the sofa. We gave them some wine, which enlivened their spirits, and they played and sung so ravishingly, that the water stopped its course, and the birds hung enchanted in the air. Accompanying the lutes with their voices, they sung the following words:

"'What is sweeter than pleasure, and friends, and the garden, and the spring?

"'O! cup-bearer, bring wine; why do you delay?

"'Enjoy every moment that falls to your lot;

"'Nobody knows what his fate may be hereafter.

"'What means the water of life, and the garden of Irem,

"'But the flowery banks of a river, and delicious wine?

"'Life is held by a hair, be wise:

"'The sorrows of the day are enough, why anticipate those that may come?

"'Since the lover and the mistress are both of one race,

"'If he gives up his soul to her charms, 'tis nature's law.

"'What can man know of the secrets of futurity? the heavens are silent;

"'Then why, oh fool, wilt thou try to remove the veil?'

"Dervishes, from the excessive kindness of my friend, the wine I had drank, and the heart-ravishing strains of the fair slaves, reason forsook her throne, and I lost all recollection of the idol who was the fountain of my life and happiness.

"In the midst of the banquet, I observed the young man weeping, and lost in thought; throwing my arm in a friendly manner over his neck, and wiping the tears from his eyes, I gave him a brotherly kiss on the forehead, and tenderly enquired the cause of his distress. He raised his head, and replied, 'To conceal my heart's treasure from my brother is unworthy of me!' and with these words he sprung from his seat, and left the banquet. In a moment he returned, followed by a slave of such incomparable beauty, that the whole garden was illuminated by her presence. Love and astonishment deprived me at once of my senses, which the young man perceiving, he ordered her to present me with a cup of wine; I received it from her hand thankfully; and the young man himself brought me a relish, which I tasted, and poured out my expressions of gratitude for all his favours. The fair slave sat down beside us, and entertained us some time with her witty and agreeable conversation. By the merchant's desire, she called for a lute, and played so ravishingly, that the very stars danced with joy in the heavens. I was transported with extacy, the reins of self-command dropped from my hands, and I was completely deprived of my senses. The young man, seeing me no longer myself, and that I was quite overcome with wine, conveyed me to an elegant apartment, and left me to repose for the night on an ivory bed, adorned with precious stones, and bed clothes of the finest stuffs.

When I awaked in the morning, refreshed by sleep, I beheld the young man and his mistress sitting on the foot of my bed, with a collation of wine before them. As it was the height of ill manners to be lying in bed whilst they were waiting in expectation of my joining them, I instantly sprung up, and seated myself by their side. The young man embraced me, and bidding that charmer of hearts present me with a cup of wine, we all became engaged in the pleasures of the banquet. By the time morning was well advanced, we were so intoxicated with wine, that we knew not head from foot, and thus did we pass two days and nights without intermission. On the fourth night I came to my senses while in bed, and, for the first time recollected that I had left by herself at home that idol of my heart: sleep fled from me, and I lay awake, upbraiding myself for the folly I had been guilty of. 'Alas!' said I to myself, 'it is now several days that you have been absent from that adorable creature, and art entirely ignorant of what has befallen her!'

"Whilst I was tortured with these reflections, the young man and the fair slave entered my apartment as usual, and sat down by the foot of my bed. I pretended to be asleep, and although they sat patiently for a long time, I never once spoke, nor offered to rise. The morning was now advanced, and the young man seeing that I would not get up, said to his mistress, 'Come, let us go away, I suppose he is tired of our company;' and taking her by the hand, he led her out of the room. Seizing this opportunity, I immediately arose, put on my clothes, and washed myself from the smell of wine; then slipping out of the house, I took the way home. 'What excuse,' said I to myself, 'will you make for your fault, and how will you be able to hold up your head for shame? see how, by one imprudent action, you have cancelled every obligation the idol of your heart owed to you for all the anxiety and care you have suffered on her account!'

"When I came to her apartment, and knocked at the door, that ravisher of hearts opened it, and smiled at the confusion and distress she observed in me. I threw myself at her feet in tears, and kissed the ground, upon which she said, 'What does all this mean? I am not displeased with you for having been absent; it is in your power, you know, to visit whom you please, but your return is at the pleasure of your host. Come,' added she, 'I am well assured of your unalienable affection, and I myself was the cause of your fault.' With such kind words as these she removed my uneasiness, and then desired I would give her an account of all I had seen and heard during the two days of my absence. I related faithfully all the kindness and courteous behaviour of the young man and his beautiful slave, and what a noble entertainment I had received. 'Such debauchees as that young man,' said she, 'always consider the entertainments which they give others but as a loan, and expect a banquet from them in return.' At these words I held my head down with shame, thinking that she now wished to vex me, and make me understand that I should not have stayed so long feasting with the merchant, when I knew I was unable to treat him in such a sumptuous manner. 'Alas!' said I, 'my dear life, my shame for my fault was enough; why need you make use of raillery against me?' 'I do not mean to banter you,' said she, 'nor do I speak ironically; I only meant that you should now think of entertaining the merchant in your turn, in the best manner possible.' I threw myself at her feet, and begged her not to afflict me farther, but have compassion on me, and forgive my first and unintentional fault. 'I swear, by my soul,' said she, 'I do not mean to upbraid you; but my real wish now is, that you should entertain the merchant as handsomely as he entertained you.' 'Alas!' said I, 'grant it be so, where or how can I prepare a banquet, who have nothing for it but the bare walls of the house?' She smiled at my words, and bade me not trouble myself about that, but trust it to Providence.

"Dervishes, seeing she was determined upon my inviting the merchant, I resolved to go to the bazar, and as I had come away from his house without bidding him adieu, ask his pardon for my impolite behaviour. 'My dear soul and life, then,' said I, 'whatever you command, I am ready to obey.' 'You must be sure and bring him with you this evening,' said she, 'for I shall be expecting him.'

"Dervishes, however much I considered the matter to myself, I could not be reconciled to the idea of asking him to such a banquet as my house could afford, and I set out with a secret determination to invite him in such a manner that he would refuse my invitation. When I came to his shop, he instantly rose up, and taking me in his arms, embraced me kindly, and conducted me into another apartment, where he made me sit down, and enquired of my welfare. I then made him an apology for my late breach of politeness, and we entered into conversation. The young man made a signal to a slave to bring some sherbet, which he accordingly brought in a fine china bowl, with a gold lid, and saucer of silver. The merchant then tasted it, and presented it to me. I thought it was water, and having a head-ach with my former debauch, I took the goblet from him, and applied it to my lips. It was a wine of a most delicious taste and smell: I asked him of what sort it was, and what were its qualities. He replied, 'that it was a composition chiefly of essence of sandal wood, and of bud musk, with sugar, lemon, amber, and water, invented by a physician, for curing the sickness arising from drinking much wine, and for composing and calming the spirits.'

"Dervishes, in a little time I found the good effects of that sherbet: I called for it again and again, till at last, from the great quantity I swallowed, my brain was heated, and I knew not what I did or said. 'The least of your servants,' said I to the young man, 'has an earnest desire that you would, without ceremony, illuminate his humble cell this evening with the light of your footsteps;' and without suffering him to make any excuse, I solicited him in such an eager manner, that he said, 'Brother, let it be so, with all my heart. Friends should never be separate, and whenever you please I shall be happy to attend you.' We then conversed on different subjects till evening, when his shop being shut, we set out for my house. At this time I was so drunk that I did not know head from foot, which the young man observing, he put his arm round my waist to support me, and I, leaning on his shoulder, took the way home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO LADY ANN LIVELY.

MISS,

YOUR extremely faithful and submissive address to the "Young Bachelor," attracts the attention of more of the same species, insomuch that it affords them delight to see one from amongst your sex, step forward, and lay by her natural timidity, (would that you had also abandoned your weakness,) contending that they are justifiable for misdemeanor in company; and it has gained my admiration to view the weakness of a lady sentimentally acknowledging the ignominious habits of which the "Young Bachelor" accuses many of the Young Ladies of Philadelphia. As much as I am averse to chagrin the delicate feelings of the *soft* fair sex, so much am I inclined to point out to them their errors, and give them a picture of their into-

lerable behaviour. It is uniformly the case, that after persevering in indiscretion, and perpetually practising vain follies, modesty checks the progress, and when it meets the most trifling obstacles, it resists, and endeavours to conceal the ignorant rudeness, by strenuously vindicating the propriety of former conduct. I fancy the "Young Bachelor" will be gratified to learn the vicissitude which has, through his interferance, taken place with you. When you ask him,—"Are they not themselves the cause? and of course deserving of it?" he will tell you, Be not too hasty, if one commits an error, it does not follow that all will do the same. But let me ask you, Miss, when a gentleman is introduced into a company of young ladies, and they all remain undisturbed, none rises to welcome the guest; or, if perhaps one rises, she remains in one posture, and probably casts a look upon the floor; what is the gentleman to do? Must he not gracefully step up to the ladies, and pay them his addresses?—With what propriety then can you call him a fool or an ape? Would you have him to stand behind the door, a gazing on, making his remarks upon your different figures or contours? How can you say in one place, "with some exceptions," and with the same breath, "we would not wish to make our remarks on *him* so loud as to be heard by *those* on the other side of the room?"—From whence, or why do you avail yourselves of the practice of whispering, when they *(only with some exceptions)* open their discourses with some ridiculous grimaces? for surely, if it is generally the case, few there will be on the other side of the room, and the more gross is your impoliteness.—Rational consideration dictates to a candid mind, that ladies of reputation would countenance, above all other accomplishments, that of politeness; that they at least would cherish modern manners; that their bright and ornamental appearance and association would not be obscured by the dark and sable fiend to knowledge. But, alas! it is too much the fault, that one part goes to an extreme in one sense, and the other class to an excess in another; one part are like mere lifeless mummies, the other infinite coquettes. Could but the women of this city acknowledge their fault, would they but curb a little of their obdurateness, would they only suffer this fact to glance upon their ideas for the purport of enlightening their minds. But no! they are the originaters of sophistication, and wish the gentlemen to continue in flattery, in applauding their vain suppositions. Miss Ann, permit me to ask you another question,—How knew you that the identical story had been told another of your sex, which had been told you? Certainly you embraced the robe of flattery, or you would not have known that such vain stories were dissipated; or why was you so weak as to pay your attention to such *masked company friends?* Pity it is indeed that you ladies are so much degraded; can you not regain your former general character by being discreet and prudent? or would you rather continue existing under a load of reproach? rather exempt yourself from the relationship of the human family? It is the gentlemen's desire that you be prudent, modest, and discreet; if you assume those accomplishments, it would be absolutely inconsistent for any of your sex to make the proposals for marriage. Discretion and imprudence, you know are two opposite terms. I request you to be deliberate, consider your absurdities, prevent future observations upon your demeanor in company, shun those heinous, ridiculous, and injurious amusements of whispering, snickering, &c. Thus reform your manners for your own prosperity and welfare; cease plunging innocence into misery and contempt; open your eyes to the impediments that obstruct your path through life, and observe a medium; be not like an animated post, neither like a busy parrot. Consider your situation, that you are lawfully obligated to hearken to the advice of man; let your heated imaginations not prompt you to speak at random.—With what propriety can you say, "You believe there is not a female existing, who would not scorn to be controlled by bachelors," when you are a daily witness of the unauthenticity of such apprehensions. When you are again inclined to advocate in your own behalf, endeavour to produce matters of such a nature, that will contribute to a fortitude that cannot be shackled by the intrusions of your opponents, that you will elevate yourselves in esteem; sanctioned by Venus, and receive the approbation of

MINERVA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE HERMIT:

A DRAMATIC TRIFLE.

IN THREE ACTS.

(CONTINUED.)

ACT THIRD.

SCENE *last.—Inside of Williams's house. Emma is seen reading; a knocking is heard at the door; Emma rises and goes to the door. Enter Henry, Williams, the Hermit, and William. Emma sees her brother, and rushes into his arms.*

Emma. Dearest, dearest brother, art thou here? Do I once more clasp thee to my bosom? Yes! heaven has spared you to protect and comfort your sister. O! Henry! I thought thee buried beneath the waves. I wept for thy loss. I thought I should never behold thee again.

Henry. We were alike ignorant of each other's fate, my dear sister. I lamented your loss as you have mine; but, how happy is this meeting; we are once more united, no more, I hope, to part. But we waste time, let me introduce you to my preserver, the good hermit, our long lost and lamented——

Hermit. [*No longer able to restrain himself, presses her to his breast; and interrupting Henry, he finishes the sentence.*] Father! him whom you thought dead; who believed you so. Yes, Emma, thy parent lives—lives to embrace his long lost daughter. Speak, my darling; let me once more hear the sound of thy voice. Speak, and welcome thy father.

Emma. [*Faintly.*] My dearest father, this is more than I can bear. I am overcome with joy. [*Sits down and weeps.*]

Hermit. Dry your tears, my child, and let this day be sacred to gratitude and joy. [*To Williams.*] But my worthy friend, it is to you we are indebted for all this felicity. What shall we do to repay you? but that is impossible. What shall we do to give you a sense of our gratitude?

Williams. No more of this, my worthy Hammond; the pleasure you receive from this meeting does not exceed mine. But I have a favour to ask; a favour, a blessing which will infinitely overpay all my little services, and make me completely happy.

Hammond. Speak, make known your wishes, we have no inclination to deny you any thing in our power to give.

Williams. I know not how to ask a blessing so great. Hammond, I ask your daughter. Emma, I ask yourself: Oh! if blessed with you, and the smiles of heaven, my highest wish is fulfilled, I ask no more.

Hammond. Be happy then. Emma will not, I trust, refuse. You are silent, my child, speak with freedom, nor let your happiness be sacrificed to thy father's wishes. Happy should I be to see you united to so worthy a man; but he is, I know, too noble, too generous to ask your hand, if you have not a heart to bestow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The following Poem, and Addresses to the Author, lately received by a young gentleman of this city from his correspondent in Belfast, were, a few days ago, politely handed to the edtor for publication....We have heard of a youth of sixteen producing a volume of poems, which has been published in London, under the most extensive patronage. James Henry Leigh Hunt *has already established his fame, and excited the attention of the first literary characters, by his juvenile merit. Three editions of his poems, have, in rapid succession, appeared in London, and proposals are now circulated for republishing them in this city. But while we bow with homage to the brilliant talents of this* youthful bard, *with what wonder and astonishment must we behold his "fertility of invention, brightness of imagination and vivacity of expression," equalled, if not in some respects surpassed, by the* infantile lays *of a ROBINSON, who has but lately completed his NINTH year, and whose early traits of genius, even at the age of SEVEN, raised the admiration of his friends. The maturity of judgment necessary for the production of a poem such as the following, could, according to the common apprehensions of the powers of the human mind, only be the effect of a liberal education, accompanied by a fertile genius, and years of reflection. But in the present case, the infant-poet bursts upon our view, in the full blaze of mature years with all these advantages....So great the surprize, so wonderful the phenomenon, that the reader must start from the contemplation of it, as a man in a dream, who is wafted to the confines of the heavenly Eden, where suddenly his senses are assailed by the appearance of Perfection, clothed in robes of immortality. In fact, we would be almost led to consider this very extraordinary infantile production, as an illusion, or rather an imposition upon the public, were it not for the respectable attestations which accompany it....The following are the prefatory remarks of the gentleman who transmitted the papers.*

[Editor.

—

Triumph of Commerce.—We doubt not but every lover of poetry, will be highly pleased with this beautiful performance; and flatter ourselves that the most rigid will soften their criticism, when they hear it is the composition of a boy, who has lately completed his ninth year. The author T. Romney Robinson, (son of an eminent painter, who is highly distinguished for his elegant taste and abilities) is one of the pupils in Dr. Bruce's Academy, Belfast, Ireland; where he has obtained many premiums for his uncommon progress in History, English, Latin, Greek, &c. His poetical compositions have attracted the notice of some of the first literary characters in Ireland. Throughout all the annals of poetical biography, few appear to have given such early traits of genius, as the infantine bard we are now speaking of: some of his pieces are in the hands of his friends, known to have been written when not more than seven years old. This rising genius possesses not only uncommon abilities for poetry, but has also a surprising turn for mechanics. Such is the author of this beautiful poem.

—

The Triumph of Commerce,

A POEM:

BY T. R. ROBINSON.

Addressed to Mr. W. Ritchie, of Belfast.*

HIGH on a cliff, upon the sea-beat shore,
Hibernia heard the distant tempest roar;
Her golden lyre upon a rock was hung,
Which with the whistling winds more mournful sung:
Her sea-green vest loose floated in the wind,
Pensive she sat, upon a rock reclin'd;
Low at her feet was plac'd her pond'rous spear,
Of power to strike the tyrant's heart with fear;
'Gainst it nor shield nor cuirass can avail,
Nor can the steely strength of shining mail.
She mourn'd her sons unskill'd in naval arts,
Tho' blest by nature with courageous hearts.
Commerce she call'd from farthest India's land;
The nymph appear'd upon the yellow sand:—
"Go," said the Queen, "to Caledonia bear
"Our mandate; swiftly cleave the yielding air;
"Bid her instruct my sons to fell the pine,
"To bend the oak, the shapeless mass to join;
"From which Britannia sees her glory rise,
"Her fame unbounded as the trackless skies."

Scarce had she spoke, impatient of delay,
The nymph her sandals seiz'd and strode away,
Then down the steep she plung'd, and rose on high,
And cut with equal wings the stormy sky:
Gold were her garments, diamond clasps behind
Sustain'd the vests that wanton'd in the wind:
Inlaid with pearls the costly vestures shine,
And flaming hyacinths and sapphires join
In cheerful radiance, and in temper bland,
Which here congenial meet from every land:
Green were her sandals, lac'd with oozy weed,
And white her pinions, like the wind in speed.
When now arriv'd nigh Caledonia's lands,
Array'd in armour bright the Goddess stands,
Her plumy helm was rough with many a scar,
And on her shield she bore the marks of war;
Gold was her helm, the flaming crest on high
Blaz'd, like a meteor, thro' the troubl'd sky.

NOTE.

* *A ship builder, who was invited over from Scotland by the merchants at Belfast.*

High o'er the helm arose a shady plume,
As when Caucasean rocks their pines assume,
The verdant trees the lofty mountain hide,
He shakes the sounding forest on his side.
High o'er the crest a prickly thistle tow'rs,
Green were the leaves, and silver were the flow'rs‡:
The golden shield keen glittering from afar,
A dreadful omen to her foes in war,
Upon its field a Lion spreads his paws,
Shakes his distended main, and opes his jaws.
She shook her spear, the dread of kings in fight,
The flaming cuirass gleam'd a dreadful light.
Her glitt'ring cuishes were a mingled mass
Of gold, of silver, and of mountain-brass.

The Goddess spoke—"To what place are you bent?
She thus replied—"By fair Hibernia sent,
"To thee I come, nor hope I come in vain,
"Since I for this have cross'd the stormy main,
"To bid thee teach her sons each naval art,
"And choose some chief this knowledge to impart.
"From which Britannia sees her glory rise,
"Her fame unbounded as the trackless skies."

The Queen assented, and produc'd the man,
And shew'd him to the nymph, and thus began:—
"Ingenious Ritchie! Commerce now may smile,
"And shew her blessings o'er Hibernia's isle:
"Go, teach her sons to raise the ship on high,
"The pointed mast high towering to the sky:
"But go, thy stay no longer I detain,
"Go, seek Ierne, o'er the wat'ry plain:
"And then, my son, consult Hibernia's good,
"And teach her sons to stem the rapid flood;
"To brave the storm deep louring, from afar,
"And fearless meet the elemental war."

Swift, as she said, they vanish'd from her view,
Unfurl'd the sails, and o'er the ocean flew;
The active nymph,† each hostile wind repell'd,
And still with prosp'rous gales the canvas swell'd;
Hibernia's rocks now rose upon the sight,
And clouds high hov'ring o'er the mountain's‡ height,
Whose pointed promontories roughly frown,
And, as a buckler, guard th' industrious town,
Which, dim in misty§ robe, of aspect grand,
Seems like an exhalation from the strand.
A stately tower‖ defends from every foe,
Around whose head the rattling tempests blow;
Shut from the bay, the winds and waves complain,
And vent their fury on the cliffs in vain.
Its mighty walls have felt the stroke of war,
And still the ruthless wound imprints a scar:
The solid base by Fergus first was rear'd,
Then first its head above the sea appear'd.
And now the ship, by yielding sand embrac'd,
Recumbent on her oozy bed was plac'd.
Ierne saw them from the rocky steep,
She spoke, her voice resounded o'er the deep:

NOTES.

† *Commerce.*

‡ *The Cave-hill, near Belfast.*

§ *Land, when first seen by sailors, appears as a cloud. All cities have a misty appearance from the sea.*

‖ *Castle of Carrickfergus. The Quay of Carrickfergus was built by Mr.* Ritchie.

" Blest Commerce, hail! thy all-enliv'ning hand,
" Rears the tall vessel on the barren strand;
" Thy num'rous ports with teeming wealth o'erflow,
" And Science pours her blessings here below;
" Thy ample pow'r can join the distant lands;
" Thy smiles can give us more than life demands;
" Undaunted, tho' old Ocean scales the sky,
" Thou, like swift Eurus, o'er the sea dost fly;
" Thou neither fear'st when waves tumultuous roar,
" Nor foaming surges lash the sounding shore;
" High on the mast, thou tak'st thy dang'rous stand,
" Involv'd in clouds thou view'st the approaching land;
" Thou join'st Gosconda's gems with Chili's gold;
" For thee Potosi's ore 'midst fire is roll'd:
" 'Twas thou inspir'd the bold advent'rer's* mind,
" And made him leave Liguria's shores behind;
" Thou spread'st his sails, and steer'dst his rapid way,
" And led him oft where death in ambush lay.

" Inspir'd by thee, the daring Cook arose,
" Who scorn'd the tropic's heat and polar snows;
" Thro' hills of ice, he forc'd his dangerous way,
" Which chill'd the boldest heart with cold dismay:
" He Science led, across the stormy main,
" And call'd fair Peace to join the savage train.
" Religion breathing blessings o'er the land,
" And Plenty laughing on his bounteous hand,
" Drew the fierce savage from his desart wild,
" To till the glebe where simple nature smil'd.

" But now the sea shall soon be cover'd o'er,
" And rapid ships descend on ev'ry shore;
" Now by thy care I visit ev'ry clime,
" While o'er the deep my vessels fly sublime.
" Such be thy boast, O Ritchie!—thus proceed,
" And thro' the paths of life let Virtue lead,
" When Envy's power, tormented by thy fame,
" Stirs up the meanest to revile thy name;
" With ev'ry effort of thy useful art,
" With ev'ry passion of the feeling heart,
" Go, claim the crown excelling virtue brings,
" A prize more precious than the wealth of Kings:
" Nor fear thy fame like evening shades shall fly,
" Fix'd as the sun that gilds the vaulted sky;
" When o'er the globe he darts his radiant fires,
" And the scorch'd Indian from his ray retires:
" Or as a rock that rears his head on high,
" And deep in earth his fixt foundations lie;
" His head resists the storm—his solid side
" Still mocks the fury of the thund'ring tide.
" Urg'd by the blast, the swelling surges roar,
" They strike—and striking, shake the trembling shore;
" But fixt as earth he stands, and mocks their toil,
" While broken surges round his basis boil.
" Thus blest the man whose virtues are like thine,
" A theme for Phœbus and the sacred Nine.
" Whose hallow'd song on Truth's swift pinion flies,
" And the loud Pæan shakes the vaulted skies.
" How Envy's power in every age is found,
" Yet Virtue scorns the meditated wound,
" Repels the shaft with poisonous juice imbued,
" As twilight vapours by the morn pursued,
" Whose orient beam dispels them wide around,
" And mixt with genial fires no more they're found.

NOTE.

* *Columbus.*

" Bless'd by thy art, what wealth shall Commerce bring,
" And unknown nations hail her outstretch'd wing?
" Thy num'rous works are trophies of thy fame,
" Which Envy's pois'nous breath can ne'er defame."

Belfast, August 4, 1802.

SONNET,

On the Juvenile Productions of
MASTER T. R. ROBINSON.

By W. Cunningham, Dromore, Ireland.

BRITAIN applauding oft has tun'd the lyre,
To boast how * Cowley, Pope, and Milton sung;
How early genius wak'd poetic fire,
And pour'd his sweetness on their infant tongue.

A rising genius such as they, has strung,
Lately, the harp of youth so long resign'd;
We hear with rapture, while a Bard so young
Awakes sweet numbers, elegant, refin'd:

Where polish'd art, and Fancy have combin'd,
To yield that charm the sacred Nine bestow,
What may we hope in future since, we find
From childhood such enraptur'd numbers flow?

Nor is his care alone the classic page,
His mind, bold Archimedean arts engage.

Jan. 10, 1803.

NOTE.

* *These three celebrated poets were noted for early proofs of genius, and are therein only surpassed by the infantine Bard to whom this sonnet is addressed.*

To Master T. R. Robinson, of Belfast, on his recovery from a severe illness.

By T. Stott, Dromore, Ireland.

WHEN Genius heard his little fav'rite lay,
Pining beneath Disease's painful sway,
Alarm'd, he left his residence on high,
And, cleaving with swift wing the yielding sky,
Descended, like an angel, by the bed
Where the young Bard reclin'd his sickly head;
Then, while his countenance divinely bright,
Beam'd all around a soul-reviving light;
To the dear object of his care address'd
These words, with tend'rest sympathy exprest:—
" Ah! why my darling, why that languid look?
Has faithless Health her precious charge forsook?
Alas! she has, too plainly I perceive,
And deeply for the sad neglect I grieve:
But let my presence now thy spirits cheer,
To snatch thee from thy sufferings I am here;
Soon shall the healing god remove those pains,
Thy friends, delighted, hear once more those strains
That have already rais'd my fav'rite's name
Beyond each former poet's infant fame,
And gain'd, unprejudic'd by critic-laws,
Percy's* approval, Anderson's† applause."

He spoke—the youthful poet rais'd his head,
And pain retired, and sullen sickness fled,—
Genius beheld the happy change with joy,
Then bid good night, and left her darling boy.

NOTES.

* *Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore; who to every excellence that can adorn the mitre, adds the merit of being a zealous friend and encourager of literature.*

† *Dr. Anderson, of Edinburgh; the celebrated Editor and Biographer of the British Poets; and another distinguished friend of Genius.*

Moral Essays.

NO. VII.

(CONTINUED.)

ON SENSIBILITY.

BY MISS BOWDLER.

WHOEVER is possessed of any degree of power, from the greatest monarch on the throne to the master of the meanest cottage, must depend for his happiness on those over whom that power is exercised; and whether he will or no, must share in the sufferings which he inflicts, and feel the want of that satisfaction which he might have received from a different employment of his power.

The truth of this observation has been experienced by all who ever endeavoured to purchase their own happiness at the expence of that of others. But even where this is not the case, where the intentions are good, and the pleasures of life are not embittered by the sense of guilt, it often happens that disappointments bring on disgust; the pleasures which were expected are not found; and therefore those which might be found, are undervalued; the mind is dissatisfied, and seeks for reasons to justify itself for being so: and when sorrows are sought for, it is not difficult to find them.

Such a disposition can poison every pleasure, and add numberless imaginary evils to those which must inevitably be met with in the path of life. By degrees the activity of the soul is lost; every sorrow appears insupportable, every difficulty unconquerable, no object is thought worth pursuing, and life itself becomes a burden.

To guard against the fatal effects which disappointments are apt to have upon the mind, is a point of the utmost consequence towards passing through life with any tolerable degree of comfort and satisfaction; for disappointments, more or less, must be the lot of all.

At the first entrance into the world, when the imagination is active, the affections warm, and the heart a stranger to deceit, and consequently to suspicion, what delightful dreams of happiness are formed! Whatever may be the object in which that happiness is supposed to consist, that object is pursued with ardour;—the gay and

thoughtless seek for it in dissipation and amusement; the ambitious, in power, fame and honours; the affectionate, in love and friendship: but how few are there who find in any of these objects that happiness which they expected!

Pleasure, fame, &c. even when they are in any degree obtained, still leave a void in the soul, which continually reminds the possessor, that this is not the happiness for which he was formed; and even the best affections are liable to numberless disappointments, and often productive of the severest pangs.

The unsuspecting heart forms attachments, before reason is capable of judging whether the objects of them are such as are qualified to make it happy; and it often happens, that the fatal truth is not discovered till the affections are engaged too far to be recalled, and then the disappointment must prove a lasting sorrow.

But it is not necessary to enumerate the disappointments which generally attend on the pursuits of youth; and indeed the prospect is too painful to dwell upon: the intention of mentioning them is only to guard against the effects they may produce.

The imagination has painted an object, which perhaps is not to be found in this world; that object has been pursued in vain: but shall we therefore conclude, that no object is worth pursuing; and sink into a listless, inactive state, in which we must grow weary of ourselves, and all the world?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RESIGNATION.

A Certain gentleman (who has not been long dead) was so entirely resigned to, and dependent on, the will of Providence, that whatever accident happened to him, he not only said, but thought it was all for the better. He was going from Ireland to England, when stepping into the packet-boat, the entering rope broke, he fell into the pinnace, and shattered his leg: "Well," said the honest gentleman, "it is all for the better," (which was his constant expression.) His friends asked him, how he could think breaking his leg, and the loss of his voyage, which might be followed by that of a suit in chancery he was going to attend, could be for the better?—"Providence," replied he, "knows best: I am still of opinion it was for the better." He was carried back; the packet-boat sailed, foundered in her passage, and but one man was saved.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Lege et Intellege.

"READ AND UNDERSTAND."

Small Talk,

NO. I.

"Sapiens non amat divitias—non in animum
"Sed in domum recipit."

A wise man *loves* not riches—he gives them entrance into his house, but not into his heart.

M. DE TURENNE,

WHEN he accepted the command of the army, sold his own plate to clothe the troops; he would not take any thing from tradesmen on trust, for fear, he said, that if he was killed, they might lose part of what he owed them.

A neutral town (when he commanded the king's army in Germany) which thought his army was marching towards them, sent him an hundred thousand crowns, to engage him to march another way. "I cannot in conscience," says Turenne, "take your money, as I had no intention of marching through your town."

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD,

At the taking of Bresse by storm, saved a house from being plundered, (whither he had retired to have a wound dressed, which he received in the seige) and secured the mistress of the family, and her two daughters, who were hid in it. When about to depart, the lady, as a mark of her gratitude, presented him with a casket, containing 2,500 ducats. Captain Bayard obstinately refused for some time, but observing that his refusal displeased the lady, he at length accepted of it, when calling her two daughters to him, to take leave of them, he presented each of them with 1000 ducats, and left the remaining 500 to be distributed among the poor inhabitants who had been plundered.

CONTRAST.

"He sullied the brightness of his glory by the rust of avarice."

AMIOT,

Bishop of Auxerre, and Grand Almoner of France*, educated Charles the Ninth, who afterwards, even when king, called him master. Amiot, once asking the king for a rich benefice, received the following rebuke:—"Ah! Master," said Charles, "you used to say that if you had one thousand crowns a year, you would be satisfied. I know that now you have more." This rebuke he answered immediately, by saying, "Sire, my appetite increased with my food!" The good-natured king granted his request. MAHKCIB.

* He was the son of a butcher, and raised himself in the world by his profound learning, great genius, and no small share of intrigue. "He sullied the brightness of his glory, by the rust of avarice." He died worth upwards of 200,000 crowns; I say upwards, because it was the general opinion that he hid immense sums, which have not been discovered; 200,000 crowns were known to be in his possession at his death.

The Anecdotist, No. 5.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTES OF FLATTERY.

(FROM HISTORY.)

A Gross flatterer in Rome, whose name was Publius Affranius, being informed that the Emperor Caligula was indisposed in his health, addressed himself to him, professing that out of his duty and affection to the emperor, and the public tranquillity, he would gladly die, so that Caligula might be restored to health. The emperor answered,—"That he had not faith enough to believe him;" whereupon Affranius confirmed it by a solemn oath; and Caligula, not long after recovering, in detestation of his base and false flattery, commanded him to be slain, that he might not be forsworn.

Tiradites, King of Armenia, having been defeated and made a prisoner by the Roman General, Corbulo, was brought before Nero, in Rome; and the captive king knowing Nero's blind side, and that he loved to be flattered, fell on his knees before him, saying, "I am near kinsman to the puissant Lord Arsacus, brother to the two potent monarchs, Volgesus and Pacorus, yet glory more in having the honour to be your imperial majesty's servant; and therefore am come to pay you the same devotion as I do the sun, which is my deity, and with pleasure will be what you please to make me, for you are my destiny and fortune."—Which artificial sycophantry so hit the humour of Nero, that he gave him his kingdom again, and a hundred thousand pieces of gold, to bear his charges into Armenia.

We are told by Diodorus Siculus, that it was the ancient custom of the Ethiopians, that if their king, by any misfortune in war, or otherwise, was disabled in any of his limbs, his courtiers and friends would voluntarily maim themselves in the same parts, that they might not enjoy a happiness the king wanted. Therefore, if the king was lame, the whole court halted; if the

king wanted one eye, they would put out one of their's; and if he died, his choicest friends would follow him by a voluntary death, which their blind zeal persuaded them was honourable, and a demonstration of the sincerity of their friendships.

—

Alexander the Great had an imperfection in his neck, that obliged him to carry it more of one side than the other; which, though an inconsiderable thing, was so exactly imitated by his great officers, that his whole court could not shew a man without a wry neck.

—

King Henry the Eighth of England, Anno 1521, cut his hair very short, and all the English put themselves into the same cut, tho' the fashion at that time was to wear the hair very long.

—

Queen Anne, wife of King James the First, had a wen in her neck, to cover which she wore a ruff; and, if we may credit tradition, that first began the fashion of wearing ruffs in England.

CURIOUS LETTER.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

May 26th, 1735.

DRDN,

YEW mare aim Ember, a bout Ann our Ah go, Ire it Sum Ann glow Ann Glee, Inim it ay shun off Ewers. Butt If here they rare mist eaks, I few fine daty night, Eye may kit mire eak quest Tom end dumb. They'll aid Eyes name Lee Mad dam Harry Son, White Whey. Sigh Cann air ray dye Two join new. Sow add yew Too Ale even. Ewer Mow Stumble Add my rare,

Though Mass She Rid Ann.

Meath ay two went he sick'st, wan thou Sand Sayvain Hun dread, &c.

Tooth ay Revere End Dock tore Jo Nathan Dray Peer Gull Liver, Inn They Dane a wry.

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 4, 1803.

INVENTIONS & IMPROVEMENTS.

THE farmers in the parish of Udney, in the county of Aberdeen, practise the following curious method of curing Butter, which gives it a great superiority above that of their neighbours:—

Take two parts of the best common salt, one part of sugar, and one part of salt petre;—heat them up together, and blend the whole completely; take one ounce of this composition for every 16 ounces of butter, work it well into the mass, and close it up for use.

The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich and marrowy consistence, and fine colour, and never acquires a brittle hardness nor tastes salt—Dr. Anderson says, "I have ate butter cured with the above composition, that has been kept three years, and it was as sweet as at the first." But it must be noted, that butter thus cured, requires to stand three weeks or a month, before it is begun to be used; if it be sooner opened, the salts are not sufficiently blended with it; and sometimes the coolness of the nitre will then be percived, which totally disappears afterwards.

—

FRENCH IMPROVEMENTS!

THE French have got a new system called *Megalantropogenesia*, or the art of Propagating Children of Genius. Citizen Roberts is the author of it, but has hitherto propagated nothing but his own opinions.

—

Directions for Purifying a Loaded Ship, without removing the Cargo.

TAKE a cask that will hold 100 gallons or more, with one head out—set it below in any part of the vessel—put into this cask one bushel of unslacked lime—add to this 60 gallons of boiling water, after dissolving 30 pounds of pot or pearl ashes therein—this should be done as quick as possible—then shut the hatches, and make the ship tight—in this situation, let the vessel remain until the next day, and then discharge the air by means of the Air-Pump Ventilator. By this time the lime will be settled in the cask, and the water or ley, will be very clear—dip it out carefully, and, after drawing the boxes out of one of the ship's pumps, send it through that channel into the pump-well. [*Balance.*

—

THE machine invented by Mr. Smart, of Camden Town, for sweeping chimnies, consists of a number of wooden tubes, of about 30 inches long, and three quarters of an inch in diameter, which run on a rope or cord, and fasten into one another, to any length. To the upper tube is fastened a square brush the block of which is about six inches long, by three wide, and from it, on all sides, issues *heath*, *broom*, or any other stiff, but flexible substance, large enough to fill the breadth of the chimney. The tubes are about 30 inches long, of course the joints between each will bend to the most crooked chimney, and in coming down must clear the corners, ledges, &c. which are sometimes found in chimnies. In the course of the present month, Mr. Smart has in the presence of many respectable witnesses, effectually cleansed several lofty and crooked chimnies. So completely does this invention answer the plan proposed by the several societies who have undertaken to advocate the cause of the poor climbing-boys, that nothing is now wanting to put an end to the common mode of chimney-sweeping. By Mr. Smart's method, a chimney 50 feet high may be swept in six or eight minutes, and with much less dirt than happens by the common mode. [*Lon. Pa.*

—

A New and cheap polishing substance has been found out. It consists of pieces of old hat (which are dyed with iron) immersed for a few minutin essulphuric acid: the iron passes to the state of red oxide, and they then become excellent pieces for giving the last polish to the hardest matter. [*Lon. Pap.*

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *Joseph S. Walter*, tobacconist, to Miss *Deborah Wood*, both of this city.

———, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *William Powell*, merchant, to Miss *Sarah Wetherill*, both of this city.

———, same day, by the Rev. J. B. Linn, Mr. *James S. Lane*, merchant, of Shepherds-Town, (Vir.) to Miss *Ann F. Gamble*, of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, April 3, at her seat at Burton Pynsent, Somersetshire, (Eng.) in the 83d year of her age, the Rt. Hon. the Countess Dowager of Chatham, relict of the great Lord Chatham, and mother of the present Earl, and the Right Hon. William Pitt.

——, on the 1st inst. at 5 o'clock in the morning, *Ellen Mendenhall*, aged 26, daughter of Thomas Mendenhall, merchant of this city.

"This young lady has fallen a victim to the *consumption*, a disorder, which by its flattering, deceptive appearances in many of those who have been subject to its influence, has excited the ardent hopes of their relatives and friends, only to be blasted suddenly by the rude hand of Death. *Such* has been the lot of numbers; and thus also has this fair blossom, which *so lately* expanded in lucid colours to the enraptured view, fallen to the ground by a *chilling frost!*—enforcing by *another* influential example, the solemn truth which has long been acknowled; that DEATH lurks in every draught!—in every thing we enjoy!—in all things around us!"

——, lately, in England, the Duke of Bridgwater, the great patron and projector of canal and lock navigation. He left estate worth 130,000l. sterl. or 577,200 dols. per annum, or the principal of *eleven millions, five hundred and forty-four thousand dollars*, at 5 per cent. interest.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor declines publishing *Polydorus's* reply to *Philo-Decorum*, together with three other communications on the same subject, as they contain only a repetition of ideas that have been already advanced. The disputants have manifested sufficient zeal; but in point of style, the editor must say, they have been rather defective. *Minerva*, for instance, in the redundancy of his epithets, is absolutely unintelligible.

We thank *Quizzing Jack* for his information; but perhaps it would answer a better purpose to consign the *Philomathean* to oblivion, than to publish any remarks upon his production.

Mahkcib, is invited to continue his *Small Talk*; but is advised to trust as little as possible to *memory*.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO LINDOR.

WHY slumbers inactive, O LINDOR, thy Muse,
While laurels bend tempting in view?
Can rosy-lipp'd morning no spirit infuse
To tempt thee soft strains to renew?
Has Clara no charms?
Has war no alarms?
Has virtue no heart-moving tale?
Have the mountain, the bow'r,
The dew-sipping flow'r,
Been shrouded in night's gloomy veil?

Arouse thee, sweet poet, and cheer once again
The lover's of soft-soothing sounds,
We'll weep with thy LAURA,* re echo her strain,
And shun him who INNOCENCE wounds:
Or viewing the wave,
The *Mariner's* grave,†
We'll heave a deep sigh for those tost on the sea;
Such thoughts humanize,
We feel all their sighs....
And own our improvement to Music and thee.

Come, lead us once more to the shady retreat,
Where Clara and Cupid are found:‡
Where Love holds unrivall'd a permanent seat,
And swains sighing dolefully round.
Young Summer with flowers,
Has deck'd all her bowers,
Blythe music and poetic rapture draw near,—
Once more seize the lyre
New fame to acquire,
Begin the soft strain....WE ARE ANXIOUS TO HEAR.

X. W. T.

NOTES.

* "*Fair Laura*," *see Repository, page* 400, *Vol. ii.—republished, with music, by Mr. R. Taylor, No.* 21, *Vol iii.*

† "*Wandering Mariner*," *see page* 384, *Vol. ii.*

‡ "*The Gift*," *pag.* 408, *Vol. ii.*

SONG.

YOUNG JANE.

PHŒBUS appears, in smiles array'd,
And waves his locks of downy gold:
Come, JANE, my charming little maid,
Let's hie unto the woodbine shade,
And there our tender vows unfold.

The Mock-bird pipes his warbling lay,
Thro' the green woods the notes resound;
The lark, up-rising, soars away,
Begins the labour of the day,
And LOVE his pleasures spreads around.

Shall we refuse to join the throng
While gentle murmurs fill the air?
Sweet girl make haste, nor tarry long,
We'll music learn from Nature's song,
And wisdom from her tender care.

The balmy morn impearls the green,
And sprinkles all thy flowers with dew:
Be thy fond heart as pure, serene
As morn's sweet breath, rose-buds between,
And spotless as the snow-drop's hue.

And when youth's bloom has fled away,
Our breasts no vivid passions move,
True love, which never knows decay,
Shall lead us with a gentle sway,
And guide us to the realms above.

FLORIO.

SELECTED.

(Communicated for the Repository.)

VERSES

By Dr. Dwight.

LOOK, lovely maid, on yonder flow'r,
And see that busy fly,
Made for the enjoyment of an hour,
And only born to die.

See, round the rose he lightly moves,
And wantons in the sun,
His little life in joy improves,
And lives, before 'tis gone.

From this instructive wisdom, learn
The present hour to prize;
Nor leave to-day's supreme concern,
'Till morrow's morn arise.

Say, loveliest fair, can'st thou divine
That morrow's hidden doom?
Know'st thou if cloudless skies will shine,
Or heaven be wrapt in gloom?

Fond man, the trifle of a day,
Enjoys the morning light,
Nor knows his momentary play
Must end before 'tis night.

The present joys are all we claim;
The past are in the tomb;
And, like the poet's dream of fame,
The future never come.

No longer, then, fair maid, delay
The promis'd scenes of bliss;
Nor idly give another day,
The joys assign'd to this.

If then my breast can soothe thy care,
'Twill now that care allay;
If joy this hand can yield, my fair,
'Twill yield that joy to-day.

Quit then, oh quit! thou lovely maid,
Thy bashful, virgin pride;
To-day the happy plot be laid,
The bands to-morrow tied!

The purest joys shall be our own,
That e'er to man were given;
And those bright scenes, on earth begun,
Shall brighter shine in heaven.

INSCRIPTION

IN A HERMITAGE.

By Warton.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind:
And while, to shade my lovely cave,
Embow'ring elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay, licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits, lone and still,
The black-bird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And every opening primrose count
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my grass-embossed book,
Portray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heav'nly meed:
Then, as my taper wastes dim,
Chaunt, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff and amice grey?
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

☞ *The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 32d payment of 25 Cents will be collected by the Carriers, on Saturday next.*